

THE WAR CRY

DECEMBER 1910



CHRISTMAS EVE: GOING TO SPEND CHRISTMAS WITH GRANDPA ON THE FARM.



A CHRISTMAS DAYDREAM.

A young woman's reverie on reading the Christmas Cry: Christ left His home in glory for a stable that He might save sinners, ought I not to leave my happy home and as an officer go out and preach the Gospel to the lost?



GOD'S BEGINNINGS

The Kingdom that Began in the Little Village of Bethlehem

By THE GENERAL

EAR COMRADES AND FRIENDS.—How interesting a new beginning always is! Whether it be of a world or a tree, a river or a road, a house or a city, a man or a nation—the beginning of things has a charm and an attraction all its own.

I remember the last time I sailed through the Red Sea with its strange surroundings, how my thoughts wandered away to the humble beginnings of God's ancient people—the Jews. All around me were reminders of the mighty land of Egypt, the home of the Pharaohs. A few miles across the sandy plains stand the great Pyramids, silent testimonies to the grandeur that has now passed away. The Quails, descendants of similar creatures as those on which the Israelites fed in the Wilderness so many thousands of years ago, were there, massed in such multitudes against the skyline as to present the appearance of walls of glistening ice, while here and there the Arab Sons of Ishmael stood in stolid indifference, watching the great Ship pass.

Looking back in imagination over the years that have since rolled by, I could see again the flowing Nile, and the Royal Princess gazing with tender sympathy on the weeping Moses in his bulrush cradle, while his mother, with palpitating heart, watched the result of her ingenious stratagem for the preservation of her darling boy. And then with growing interest I see the progress of the future Prophet, as he passes on from infancy to childhood, and from youth to manhood, until he stands, expectant, under the gilded

wines of Royalty on the steps of the world's mightiest Throne. Here were the sons and daughters of Abraham groaning beneath the weight of their burdens, despised by their cruel taskmasters, a multitude of helpless slaves without a leader to voice their misery or attempt their deliverance.

But God is looking down upon them with His great compassion. He has set His heart, not only on effecting their freedom, but on moulding them into a Nation that shall worthily represent Him to the world, make known His mind and character to its inhabitants and that shall last as long as the Sun and the Moon endure.

For the Leadership of this stupendous undertaking, Moses was selected by Jehovah. But before he can fill this position and discharge this duty he must come down from his exalted place in the world and live a humble and a lowly life. To him God seemed to say: "I want to make you the Founder of a great Nation, but I can do nothing with you up there among all that luxury and pomp. My plan is to begin at the foot of the ladder. I do not make Saviours out of Pharaohs; Shepherds are better suited to My purpose."

So Moses has to come down from his high estate and sojourn in the wilderness, and when qualified by hardship and poverty, God made him the Leader in the Visitation, out of which came the Jewish Nation. How great the Nation was when in its glory that came about in this humble fashion we do not appreciate, because we do not know; and how mighty it is yet destined to become we cannot measure, because we do not foresee.

Then, when that Nation proved unfaithful to its Mission, and forsook the service of the King of kings, He cast it aside, as has ever been His usage, and made another. Defeated, He does not abandon His purpose; He begins again.

The birthplace of another beginning is not very far away from the scene of the former. If we travel only some hundred miles as the crow flies, across the sandy plains, we come to the little village of Bethlehem—wonderfully fascinating spot! There, two thousand years ago, to an insignificant group of Shepherds, watching their flocks by night, the Heavenly Hosts announced the coming event. As I strain my eyes, I can even now in imagination catch the shimmer of the Angels' snow-white wings, and as I strain my ear, I hear the dying echo of their celestial song, as they chant "Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth and good will to men."

And as those Angels announced, so it came to pass, for in that unknown village, crowded out of the public Inn, into a common Stable in poverty and obscurity, was the beginning of the Kingdom that was yet to fill the world with the glory of Jehovah, to people Heaven with happy inhabitants, and to last for evermore.

There have been other beginnings since then. When God's Kingdom has seemed to be on the very verge of destruction, and the cause of truth and righteousness has seemed to come to its last gasp; when darkness has obscured the lowering skies and devil's hordes anticipated their final triumph, God has ever been in the habit of beginning again. But it has always, or almost always, been on the Shepherd, and Village and Stable and Manger plan.

Was it not so my Comrades with The Salvation Army? Its commencement was not with the flourish of trumpets, the booming of guns, the herdedation of high-placed dignitaries or the patronage of the great ones of the earth. Your General had to go down to the foot of the ladder and begin like Moses with the poorest of the poor, and the lowest of the low. On that humble level, following in His Master's footsteps, he trod the wilderness of sin and sorrow and shame among the rich and the noble both in Church and State in complete indifference, if not in absolute contempt, passing him by on the other side.

It was a long and weary struggle, but Jehovah, the great "I AM" of Moses and the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, was with him. It was the day of small and feeble things, that is, it was Bethlehem with its Stable and Manger Dispensation over again. But out of this humble beginning God is making a New People whose influence has already reached to the ends of the earth, and whose power to bless and whose numbers to serve must go on advancing till Time shall be no more.

Then, when I looked and thought on these things my mind wandered to other lands and dwelt with thanksgiving and gratitude on a later Salvation Army deliverance, each commenced after this Bethlehem fashion. And then I tell men what answered to me to be other works and wonders no less remarkable in character, that is, the beginning of the Kingdom of Heaven in the hearts of many of my own dear people.

My Comrade, will you read these lines, does not your mind go back to those early day beginnings? Who and what were you then in yourself? Who could conceive that any notable destiny or any influential position lay before

you? Neither you nor yours either believed in the former, or expected the latter. You were even as a Shepherd. Yours was the Bethlehem Stable and Manger life; not so far as you could see it was not likely ever to be anything more.

But behold to what and where you have already attained! What a wonderful assurance of being a son of Jehovah, has possession of your innermost soul, and what an exalted position you occupy as an Ambassador of Christ and a Messenger of the most High God. We'll may you exclaim in great wonder and praise: "What hath God wrought!"

But I have not done. My mind still wanders anxiously on and on. There is someone else for whom I have a message. Who is that someone? My friend, here you are; I want to speak to you.

You have only just come from the Mercy Seat; Light has only just dawned on your darkened spirit, and the first words of praise are sounding in your soul; anyway, you have only just crossed the threshold of the Kingdom, and just been sworn-in under the Yoke of Christ, and yet your soul is already moved by an unutterable desire, a burning hope and an irrepressible impulse to do something worthy of your General, worthy of your Lord. But you are checked, held back by an inward whisper born of your own shrinking nature, and with timidly asks: "Who am I, or what is my father's house, that I should be of any service to the poor sinning, suffering world?"

Let me answer that enquiry. True, oh true, beyond all question, true; but my brother, my sister, do not despair. Look up, look beyond the present hour. You have only arrived at Bethlehem as yet. This is the Village, the Stable, the Manger Dispensation. Don't lose heart. The Angels are still singing. Can you not hear the Anthem? The burden of the song is the same as they sang on the Bethlehem Christmas morning. Great things, even the glory of the highest God, and the salvation of the

coming out of the most desolate circumstances—two thousand years ago—have to play in the wonderful things God are still needed. God are the necessities of career either of an individual or a Division, a Province, a Territory or an entire Army is made up of repeated "New Beginnings."

Can you not make this Christmas Festival the occasion for a new start? You see the need in many directions, and as I have said, I am sure God does. Come along and dash out. As our dear Lord made a new beginning by leaving His heaven and coming down into our poor desolate world, let us go out further and go down deeper than ever we have done before and let us go out, and go down to win.

Some of you have excused yourselves from attempting new beginnings as the fall on the ground of difficulties. You have difficulties in your own hearts, in your past failures, in your health and circumstances. You have difficulties in your Comrades—Comrades above or Comrades below; in short all sorts of barriers and obstacles and impossibilities seem to stand between you and the success you desire. But when a' together they only make up the old Bethlehem, Stable, and Manger Dispensation

over again. So look up my Comrades, and begin again, coming from you all fear of Bethlehem hardships, but Herod persecutions, wilderness temptations, Gethsemane agonies, and even the shame and suffering and dying of the Cross.

Then there is another "New Beginning," more glorious and wonderful than all that have gone before, for every faithful Soldier of Jesus Christ. The beginning of the enjoyment of the Celestial inheritance. But it can only be reached after the same fashion. The road to it leads through a dark and lonely valley, and dark and lonely the valley is.

There is the mortal disease—the darkened chamber—the painful nursing—the last struggle—the mournful funeral—the deep and cruel grave—and the weeping and wailing of the broken hearts that stand by the side.

The Inside! World here's away, and our poor trembling hearts sometimes whisper in harmony with it, "What good can possibly come out of all this?" Put all thoughts of it away, live as if it were not and fight against it when it draws nigh.

And yet here again we have the same painful at work, for does not this valley of the shadow lead to the pearly gates, the happy hills, the golden streets, the sea of light the tree of life, the blood-washed friends who have gone before the Throne of God, and of the infinitely blessed enjoyments and employments of the everlasting Heaven?

It is, as I have said the old principle over again. It is by the Bethlehem Stable and Manger Track that we reach our Eternal Home. Beginning at the Cross we travel to the Crown.

Comrades and friends, I send you my Christmas Greeting.



The Infant Moses Committed to the Waters of the Nile by his Mother, Jochebed.



THE MAN WHO KEEPS UP THE TEMPERATURE.

(Continued From Page Ten.)

is in the sweat of his brow, in all his work for God and man—if I may use the expression—it is in the sweat of his whole being, of his very soul. Most men making a business journey to the Continent would contrive somehow or other to snatch a few hours for mental relaxation, if not for pleasure. Not so with The Chief. He thinks nothing of a forty-eight-hour journey across the North Sea and over half Europe for the sake of conducting a twelve hours' inspection, and then setting off on return journey to London, spending the long hours of the days in the train, both ways. In correspondence, correcting proofs for the press, or preparing himself for the next engagement that is to fall to his hand.

"How does The Chief get all his information?" is a question I am constantly asked by Officers of all ranks. He goes to the root of things. "Better not open that subject at all unless you are determined to go to the bottom of it," I have heard him say half a hundred times. Letters reach him from all parts of the world by every mail; he makes a point of conversing personally with Officers who cross his path when travelling; summaries of despatches, sheets of statistics, and minutes of Councils and Boards, each and all delegated with specific authority and defined responsibility, are daily placed before him; he even finds time to glance over the periodicals published in the different Territories; whilst the intervals between the Meetings, on the days when he is holding Councils or Public Gatherings, are crowded with interviews with Officers of all ranks and classes. When travelling with him and the train has stopped for a few minutes at some side station, and his quick eye has caught sight of an Officer on the platform, I have seen The Chief leap from the train and almost frighten the startled Officer out of his skin with "Well Captain, how are you getting on here?" And then every moment until the train bore The Chief out of the station again has been monopolized with enquiries as to the Captain's own state of soul, and the progress of the work under his command.

There is no mistake about it, The Chief makes the most of every opportunity for acquiring information.

There are few Officers who do not regret that The Chief is not as well known in The Army's outer as he is in his inner circles. And yet perhaps for the sake of the future it is wise that he has during recent years concentrated so much of his attention, and exercised so much of his influence, upon the Officers and Soldiers of The Army itself.

In all departments of Salvation Army life and activity The Chief's name is a household word. His Councils for Officers, for Bandmen, and for Local Officers, his "Y.P." Days, and his "Spiritual Days" at the International Training College, must live through all time in the minds of those who have been privileged to be present on such occasions. The Chief simply gives himself up to blessing and helping the particular class of Salvationists for whom such Councils are intended. He apparently forgets everything else in life; he is completely governed by the purpose to accomplish which he has for the time being set himself. If any Biblical words are applicable to him they are those of Paul: "This one thing I do."

In his administration of affairs at the desk The Chief is every bit as whole-hearted. He must know the facts—all the facts—of the subject under discussion. If the matter is one involving some important financial commitment he is not content until all the pros and cons of the question are before him. If it is a matter connected with the character or integrity of some important Officer, he will postpone giving a judgment until the Officer himself can be heard, or, at any rate, until his side of the case can be represented. He must not only "hear the other side," he must hear every side.

For this reason Bramwell Booth's name stands for justice, and therefore for safety.

The Chief is known by his letters to thousands of people, who have had little, if any, opportunity for personal contact and conversation with him. Every passing event of interest is

taken advantage of to convey some lesson, or enforce some truth. Sometimes their brevity, and the circumstances in which they are written add, not only to their importance, but to the effect produced. Of the art of writing letters he is indeed a Past Master. Some of his epistles might be described as apostolic. Hundreds of Officers the world over would be proud to bear testimony to the blessing and strength and inspiration brought to them in hours of darkness and temptation by his written words. When a young Officer, in almost my first appointment in the Portland Field, the postman one morning brought me a note reading thus:

"My Dear Lieutenant,—
"I was glad to hear from Commissioner Hutton the other day that you are going ahead. I believe God is going to give you a useful future."

Your affectionate Chief.

"W. BRAMWELL BOOTH."

What that note meant to me. For months I kept it treasured in my Bible. I even slept with it under my pillow. To think that The Chief should have thought it worth while to write me—a young and unknown Lieutenant!

I clip the following from the last page of a note I received from him one day when away on a foreign journey:

Don't let's go. He has done well. Let us be ready for the appeal with B.

Stress of time naturally necessitates most of his letters—even the most important and thoughtful ones being dictated and typewritten. Constant and long practice at dictation has made this custom a second nature; but the more personal letters are written by his own hand—direct after sheet of the smallest stationery he uses being run off with incredible speed. As in his platform utterances, conciseness of style and directness of expression are characteristic of his written words. His counsel on the subject of letter-writing to a gathering of young Staff Officers some years ago was: "It is your business not only to write so that the person to whom you are writing may understand what you mean, but to write so that it will be impossible for him to misunderstand what you mean."

The youngest and humblest Corps Cadet ever privileged to be present at one of The Chief's "Y. P. Days," where hundreds of young people meet together to hear him, knows him to be endowed with that only too rare quality of kindness. His sympathy with the poor and suffering, his compassion for those who are the victims of the wrongdoing of others, and his genuine joy in making others happy, all find expression in a score of ways.

I think I can illustrate his influence on and only this very day. A young Officer wrote to me and ran a train. He told her of her difficulty in receiving the letter from the Chief's Field Officers' Councils, and knew how his friends would in a few days have the opportunity of a similar privilege. The reply she sent was simply: "Wait until you have heard The Chief. You will then feel like going on forever."

If, as someone has said, the true man can only be seen in his house, then I think I may claim to be able to express an opinion on the true character of this man. He is a husband, he is a father, and large and perhaps exceptional claims are made upon him in both these relationships. And yet they are always subordinated to the great fact that he is the Chief of the Staff. His house is more like a railway station than an average business man's residence. It is within a stone's throw of The General's house, and you can guess what that in itself means. Secretaries and messengers are always coming and going. The tick-tock of the typewriter is often to be heard by eight o'clock in the morning, and the tin-tin-tin of the telephone—at every hour of the day. In short the home retreat of Mr. and Mrs. Bramwell Booth is a sort of branch International Headquarters, and the last

place in the world at which The Chief expects to be free from the interruptions and claims of the War, which is the easier to understand when it is remembered that Mrs. Booth is a Salvation Army Officer and the head of the Women's Social Work, and is to The Chief in a very special sense what The Army marriage service speaks of as his "Continental Comrade in the War."

Let every Canadian Salvationist this Christmas pray: "God bless the Chief of the Staff."

THEODORE RICHING.

SOME LEADING CANADIAN STAFF OFFICERS.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. MOREHEN.

Brigadier Morehen has been an Officer in the Army for many years. As a Field Officer he commanded one of the largest Corps in the United Kingdom, and was made a Divisional Officer in 1901, and in charge of six Divisional commands in England. He was converted at Woodford during the progress of a great revival. In 1907 he was transferred to Canada and appointed D. O. of the 1st Division. He is now Divisional Commander, Toronto.

Mrs. Morehen comes from a family of Salvationists, two of her brothers being Officers.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. ADDY.

Brigadier Addy has been an Officer for many years, coming out of High Wycombe in 1870. During his career as a Field Officer he commanded such Corps as the Clifton Congregational, the famous 1st House Corps at Hull, Sunderland, and Oldham. For fifteen years he acted as a Corps Officer, and was then appointed to Divisional work. He was transferred to Canada in 1908, and for a time toured the Dominion as a spiritual specialist, meeting with much success. Brigadier and his wife are tried and true old-time D. C. of the St. John Division, and their names are well known to the Corps.

MAJOR AND MRS. PHILLIPS.

Major Phillips has been an Officer in the Army for many years. He came out of the town of St. John, New Brunswick, in 1870. His first appointment was to take charge of the printing department at T. H. Q. He remained in that capacity for several years in the West followed, after which he was made a Divisional Officer, and then in command of the Vancouver Corps. From that time to the end of the war he held the position of Chancellor of the Western Division. He was then made Assistant Secretary of the Social Work, and later of the Eastern Division. In 1901 he married Adjutant Major Phillips, a capable and experienced Officer, who has served in the Army for many years. She was converted at Summerside, P.E.I., and has since then her whole life been devoted to the service.

MAJOR AND MRS. TAYLOR.

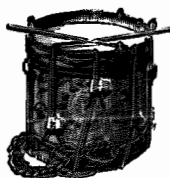
Major Taylor came out of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and for several years was in command of the 1st Division in Ontario. In 1892 he was appointed to the position of Training Garrison. The following year he was sent to Newfoundland, and then to the charge of the training operations of the 1st Corps. Similar appointments followed in the 2nd and 3rd Divisions. He was then made a Divisional Officer. For several years he has been working at various centres, and was once appointed as Chancellor of the Eastern Division. After holding similar appointments in different parts of the country, he was in 1908 made Assistant Secretary of the Social Work in Montreal.

Mrs. Major Taylor is a well-known Canadian Officer, who has done splendid service in the Corps work.

MAJOR AND MRS. MITCHELL.

Major Mitchell has been 20 years an Officer, coming out of Sarnia, Kent, in 1870. His first appointment was as a Divisional Officer in the French work. The Montreal Department at T. H. Q. sent him to the West, and then followed the appointment of Assistant for the Central Ontario Province. A good deal of field work followed, and he was placed at Harnett and Orillia, having charge of the District as well as the Corps. In 1909 he was made Assistant Secretary of the Social Work in the General Staff.

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BANDSMEN'S STORIES



These stories have been contributed by Bandmaster Sanderson, Clark, Hensley, and and we will send a

been contributed by Bandmaster Sanderson, and Bandsmen Beynon, Tate, Ferguson, Band Secretary Felstead. Which do you like the best? Write and let us know. Ten Dollar Bill to the one who gets the most votes. Send in your vote at once. =

with the Officers. Then they got him a situation, at which he has made good. He now carries the flag, and although I have been a Salvationist eleven years, I have never seen such a decided change in a man before.

A CHEQUERED CAREER.

Ben is now fifty-three years of age, and in his young days was seized with a thirst for adventure. He was apprenticed to a shoemaker, but left his master and joined the British navy. He passed through many trying experiences, and was on board the ill-fated *Eurydice* that went down in a snowstorm in 1878, when 208 persons were drowned and only two saved. Soon afterwards he left the navy and entered upon a period of drunkenness and debauchery. The Salvation Army Band however, greatly interested him, and he showed his regard for it by contributing as liberally to its funds as he could. But the Bandmen wanted him to give his heart to God, and to bring that about decided to hold a fortnight's special prayer on his behalf. Night after night they met for this purpose. Ben heard of it, and the matter so impressed itself upon him that before the fortnight was up he had made his peace with God. His conversion was the talk of the town, and was a great inspiration to the Bandmen. A drummer being wanted, Ben was given the position, and became very efficient, wielding the two sticks with great precision and vigor.

Being a trophy of grace and an able speaker he visited many places in the south of England and won many souls for God.

Four years ago Ben came to Canada and settled down in an Ontario town, where he is highly respected and is the drummer of the Band and secretary of the Corps. He has a daughter, who is an Officer, and the rest of the family are Salvationists. Splendid results for a fortnight's special prayer.

THE BEAT OF THE DRUM.

I was in the heyday of my sin and folly when I went to Sudbury to live. A day or two after taking up my abode in that town, I went to bed on a Saturday evening very early, not feeling well. I had retired but a few minutes when The Salvation Army passed the house. The beat of the drum arrested my attention, and I went to the window to watch the procession. About 11 o'clock that night I awoke in a great fear, so much so that I spent the rest of the night in reading the Bible. I thought I was going to die in my sin, and I promised God that if he would spare my life till the morning I would not quit with Him.

On the following morning I went to the hall and gave my heart to God in the Holiness Meeting. At 3 o'clock I was taken very sick, and continued in a serious condition till 11 o'clock. A friend prayed with me, and, strange to say, a wonderful freedom from pain possessed me, and a great peace came into my soul, and I slept soundly till the morning. The following night I was able to go to the meeting and give my testimony and thanks for the saving of my soul and the healing of my body.

Shortly after I removed to Ottawa, where I have taken my stand for Christ in The Army. Seven years have passed away since that time. I am a bandman, and play a solo horn. My wife is a Y. P. Sergeant in our Corps, and our only daughter, Cassie, is one of the Corps' Y. P. champion collectors. I am doing well temporarily, and owe my peace and prosperity to The Army drum.

THE BAND ATTRACTED HIM.

On a Saturday night some few years ago, our Band met at the Hall before going to the open-air service. It was in good spirit and fighting trim, and held a red-hot prayer meeting. Our special efforts that night were for the reclamation of the drunkards. We had several ex-drunkards in the Band, and these were especially interested in, and full of zeal for this effort. We played as we were marched to the open-air stand, which had been selected outside a prominent hotel. The crowds

gathered round us, and the testimonies, singing, and playing kept the service in good swing from beginning to end. We were in excellent spirits and full of expectancy for something to happen. Joy and gladness being dominant throughout.

Reluctantly we closed the meeting and marched to the Hall. Unnoticed by us we were followed by one of the hotel frequenters. As we commenced our inside meeting we noticed a man enter who was the worse for liquor. A Soldier conducted him to a seat near the front, where he quietly remained until the testimonies began. Finally, one after the other, the ex-drunkards in the Band rose to testify. Suddenly the man to whom it seemed the Bandsmen particularly addressed themselves, stood to his feet and exclaimed: "Can God save me?" The ex-drunkard who was testifying replied: "Glory to God, brother, He can. He has done it for me; He'll do it for you." In a few moments the inquirer was at the mercy-seat, and after praying for him, and singing helpful choruses, and exercising faith on his behalf, we were joyously rewarded in seeing our captive sobered. He told us his sad story which terminated with his testimony of assurance of God's forgiveness. He had been a military bandman, but after leaving His Majesty's service, and getting away from the discipline, he became loose in his habits, that of drunkenness gradually fastening itself upon him. This particular Saturday, on quitless work with his wages he made for the hotel and there he had remained drinking and paying for the drinks of others. Several times during the afternoon he had resolved to go home to his wife and children, but could not break away from his companions. He had heard our open-air service in progress, but the three beats of the drum given before the commencement of the playing for the return march to the Hall awakened memories of his better days when he had been drummer in the King's Service. The glass of liquor ordered he left untouched and followed our march to the Hall, where, as his after-life proved, God soundly converted him. He afterwards became drummer in our band, beating the very drum which had helped so much in bringing him into the light of God.

HE FOLLOWED THE DRUM.

One evening about ten weeks ago a Salvation Army drummer was on his way to the open-air meeting. He was copied by a man who followed him to his destination. The man was in a wretched state of mind, and had resolved to commit suicide. He had wandered outside the city, thinking that he could stroll into the bush and do the deadly deed without being observed by anyone. He had been drinking very heavily, and was reaping the consequences of sin. However, something induced him to follow the drum, and what he heard at the outdoor meeting and in the tent at Earls Court was the means of making him repent and bringing him in contrition to the Mercy Seat.

Instead of thinking all had been done that was required, the Captain invited him to stay at his house for a little while, and tiled him over the Civic Holiday. For a week the man lived

CORNET PLAYER'S CONQUEST.

I have been connected with The Salvation Army for twenty-five years, during which time I have been a Bandman for twenty-four, both seen and heard of many cases in which Army bands have been instrumental in winning souls, but one case in particular stands out in my mind. I had been to a Corps specially in connection with the Harvest Festival, and as there was but a small band of ten players my cornet was quite a help. I did not know when I left the town that I had been instrumental in winning a soul for God; but a few weeks later I received a letter from a young man, who told me that it was the music of my cornet which attracted him and a companion to the service. During the prayer meeting I did some fishing, and spoke to these two young men. They both got well saved that night and since then the young man who wrote to me has been the means of winning many others to Christ. He has been the Secretary of the Corps, and when I last heard of him he was the Bandmaster. The other has also been a good Salvationist. I consider this a good example of how The Army Bands do good.

THE MUSICAL MEETING.

One holiday a certain Corps had announced a musical meeting. The Bandmen had decided to spend their spare time in playing the songs of Salvation, and as they played through the crowded streets of the city two young men followed them to the Hall. One was from a neighbouring Corps, who had come in for his holiday, and decided that a fitting finish to an enjoyable day would be a couple of hours at The Army.

As he sat in the meeting he was noticed by one who knew him, and, being a most pleasing and impressive singer, he was called upon to sing a song. He chose that one with the chorus

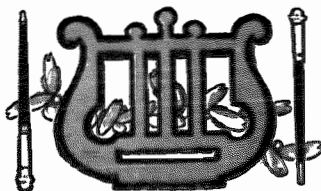
"Come home, come home,
Poor prodigal child come home."

The other young man was a bachelor—a wanderer from the fold of Christ, and he was so taken hold by the singing of the young visitor that he felt himself compelled to respond to the invitation to return to God. The Bandmen felt very much encouraged that their festival was the cause of such a blessing.

THE MUSIC OF THE BAND.

Twenty-six years ago the Band of a neighbouring Corps assisted at the opening of a little town in Lancashire, England. Two men, both drunkards, heard of the proposed bombardment. One, in his simplicity, thought it would be a real warfare, and that in it persons would get killed. At the advertised time they were on hand to see the fun. The music of the Band so captivated one of them that he went into the building in which the meeting was held. The happiness of the Salvationists delighted him, and their testimonies touched him so deeply that by and by the tears ran down his cheeks. Especially was this so when the Officer read the old and glorious words: "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." She also came and personally pleaded with him to give his heart to God. In that humble little hall God saved his soul, although he had been a drunkard for ten years, and for over twelve months had not been sober. Yet God blotted out his sins and made him a new creature.

He was over five hundred dollars in debt when
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SALVATION VIKING

AN INTERESTING
ACCOUNT OF
THE WORK OF THE
"CATHERINE BOOTH"
A SALVATION ARMY
LIFE-SAVING SHIP.



GLANCE at a map will reveal in a moment the character of the coasts of Norway. The wild surges of the North Atlantic

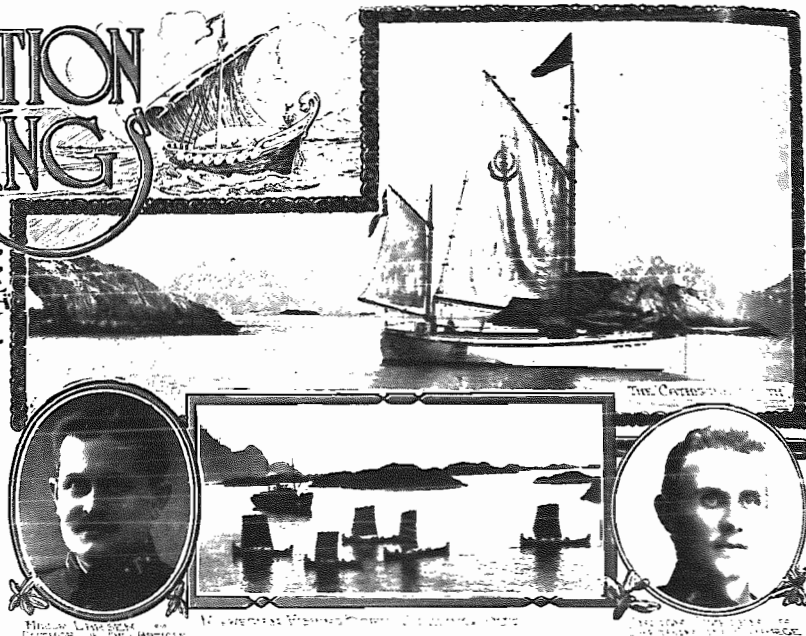
and the Arctic oceans have strewn the Western coast line with innumerable islands, and indented the shores with an infinity of long rugged bays or gulfs, called fjords, which give more coastline per parallel to this part of the world than perhaps may be found anywhere else.

For scenery of a wild grandeur few places on this terrestrial ball can compare with certain parts of Norway. The mountains are covered with robes of clinging birch and pine. And so precipitous are the shores that the biggest ships can come close to the mountain side and lash their ropes to the giant pine trees. In the springtime the foreshores are of brilliant emerald of the young grass, while in August the masses of purple heather bloom came right down to the sea level. In the forests the glory of the autumn tints can nowhere be rivalled, while the russet and crimson mosses, with fell grasses of every hue clothe the lower slopes in radiant colour. These pleasing changes of colour, however, grow gradually less marked as one proceeds northward. Beyond the polar circle the landscape is composed of black mountain glaciers, and eternal snows, ways impressive, and often appalling.

Generally speaking, the country does not lend itself to agricultural pursuits, and in consequence, Norway according to its population, has the largest commercial navy in the world, and one of its most important industries is the fisheries. The young Norwegian, as becomes the descendants of the vikings, naturally enough turns to the sea as his vocation. In it he plays as a boy, and on it he toils as a man in the mercurial feet, or as a daring fisherman.

In the southern part of Norway the fishing boats are very similar to the British fishing smack, but in the north the open boats, such as are shown in the accompanying picture are nearly always used. In such boats thousands of men sail from one place to another in search of the cod fish. These can be seen in the neighborhood of the famous Lofoten Islands are said to be the "hottest of the fish." If the men have a successful season they may make from \$250 to \$500 for four or five months' fishing.

But the catching is a very arduous and hazardous one for the thousand miles of coast washed by the North Sea, the North Atlantic Ocean, and the Arctic waters are subject to terrific storms, and are extremely dangerous for navigators. There comes to pass that, in spite of skillful seamanship and unflinching courage, the Norwegian fisherman very often "loses his nets, outfit, and provisions and sacrifices his life, in his endeavors to



THE "CATHERINE BOOTH" AT LARVIK.

wrest a living from the stormy deep.

For a long time The Salvation Army had been working in the fishing villages, and splendid success has followed the labours of our heroic comrades, who have cheerfully undergone great hardships and dangers in their endeavors to take salvation to those who live in the outlying districts remote from the larger cities—especially has this been the case in the northern portions of the country. These comrades were tremendously impressed with the dangerous calling of the hardy fishermen, and longed to be able to do something to assist them when in peril on the deep.

On their representations, Commissioner Ouchterloney, who at that time was in charge of The Salvation Army in Norway, decided to purchase and equip a lifeboat which should carry the double commission of life-saving and soul-saving.

Nothing but the staunchest craft can live in these Northern seas when tempests rage, and ordinary boats flee to shelter. The Salvation lifeboat would need to put to sea in the wildest weather in order to rescue those whose lives and boats were in danger, so one who had achieved a reputation as a shipbuilder was commissioned to build the "Catherine Booth." He also built the famous "Fram," which carried Dr. Nansen on his historic journey towards the North Pole, and which at the time of writing is under the command of Captain Roald Amundsen, sailing on an

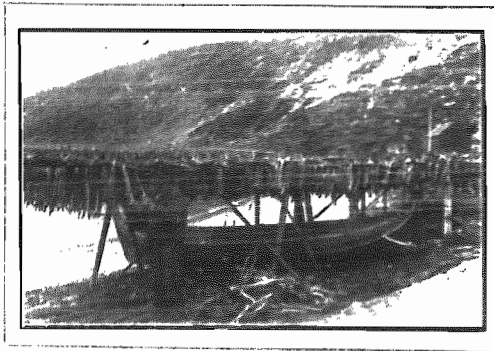
other Arctic expedition.

It was a stormy day indeed when Commissioner Ouchterloney, on February 18th, 1900, hoisted The Army tricolor on the new lifeboat in the harbour of Larvik. It seemed as though the enraged wind and waters had conspired to destroy that which was destined to wrest from the hungry jaws of the deep so many husbands and fathers. But amidst the cheers of the onlookers the precious flag was broken at the mast-head and waved gloriously in shrieking winds, and so this lifesaving ship, bearing the revered name of the Army mother, "Catherine Booth," the name which is blessed by thousands of men and women rescued from the horrors of sin and misery in all parts of the world, was launched upon a career of exceedingly great usefulness. During the ten years that the "Catherine Booth" has patrolled the Norwegian waters she has been instrumental in rescuing about four hundred boats and about seventeen hundred men, whose lives were in more or less peril. It is also very satisfactory to say that not only have many of these men been saved from a watery grave, but they have found refuge in the Rock of Ages. The boat's skipper, Engen Ovesen, who has been in charge of the boat since she was launched on her glorious mission, has many touching stories to tell connected with his special work. He says:

One stormy day we rescued a fishing boat flying six sails and distress fire. "Catherine Booth" came down upon her, and amidst the roar of the waters the men told us that one of the crew had been washed overboard. After a desperate struggle they had rescued him from the turbulent waters, but he was in a very exhausted condition. Would we take him aboard and help to revive him? He was in great danger if he remained in the tiny craft.

"As quickly as the conditions would allow, he was transferred from the boat to the "Catherine Booth." Medicine was administered and treatment given which was most efficacious. He was then taken to the hospital about his soul, and he did not save him to revivify him, but to save the lifeboat of Salvation to sail to glory with Christ, Calvary, and at the helm.

"Once when one of the lifeboats



Drying Fish in Norway.

cre OL War Cry in a little village a
 and on be entered a Cry gave him a
 rat. A week later a heavy gale
 was the "Catherine Booth," which
 was around on her merciful errand,
 observed a wrecked boat tossing helplessly on
 the waves. The "Catherine Booth" steered for
 the wreck, and succeeded in rescuing the men
 from drowning. One of them was none other
 than the scouter of a week previous. He is now
 a great admirer of the Salvation Army and a reg-
 ular reader of the Norwegian War Cry, and we
 hope will ultimately reach that peace "where
 there shall be no more sea."

I will conclude this article with the following
 Christmas story:

It is an evening a little before Christmas, and
 as dark as is usual at this season in these lat-
 itudes. The storm is raging, and even the little
 fisher-boats in the harbour seem to be in danger.

What must it not be out on the wild sea!

At Engvaen the fishermen are trying to make
 themselves as comfortable as possible for Christ-
 mas. There is not much luxury, nor many pre-
 sents; but that, after all, is not the main thing.
 Suddenly a rumour is heard amongst the inhabi-
 tants of the little village that four fisher-boats
 are all at sea!

"They will never be able to reach the harbour,"
 says an old experienced salt.

"Poor wives and children!" adds another, who
 specially remembered the many orphans and
 widows left by his seafaring men.

The inhabitants of the little village soon forgot
 all their plans for a cosy Christmas. Some of
 them are talking together in groups, and a few
 others proceed up the mountain to watch, if the
 darkness will allow them to see anything, or the
 missing boats. But an hour has passed. There is
 not a star. Everything is dark, and the wind is
 increasing. None of the Christmas light that is
 shining a few hundred miles further south. In
 the busy cities and happy homes, seems to reach
 us far north as Engvaen.

It is seven o'clock, but not a trace of the missing
 boats is to be seen. A depressing feeling is
 creeping over the villagers. Two hands at two
 clock show eight—and nine—but no news, no
 light. Everything seems so hopeless.

Did we say that the light from some southern
 latitudes did not reach these poor fishermen on
 this side of the Polar-circle? Well, it seems so
 for such a long time. But suddenly one of the
 fishers drags a net; "perhaps the
 Catherine Booth has picked up our men!"

"Impossible! We can only see anything
 ashore; now will the boats men be able to see
 anything at sea?" replied another.

"Look! What is that?" suddenly shouts an-
 other, who had been standing a little farther out
 on the mountain. "I'm sure it is a fisherman."

"It is a red one," added another.

"There is the green light, too."

"It is the starboard and star port side lights
 of the 'Catherine Booth.' I wonder if she has
 found the boats?"

"Praise God for the Catherine Booth! She is
 nobly fighting her way towards the harbour! Now
 she is almost in. One—two—three boats are towed
 by her. She found them out on the wild sea. But,
 then—where is the fourth boat—the missing one?
 That was the great question, as the rescued men
 were welcomed by the villagers. Would the
 'Catherine Booth' leave that boat to its fate?
 Would her brave crew say: 'We are tired; we
 have rescued three boats with about a dozen men
 —that is enough of a job in such stormy
 weather!'"

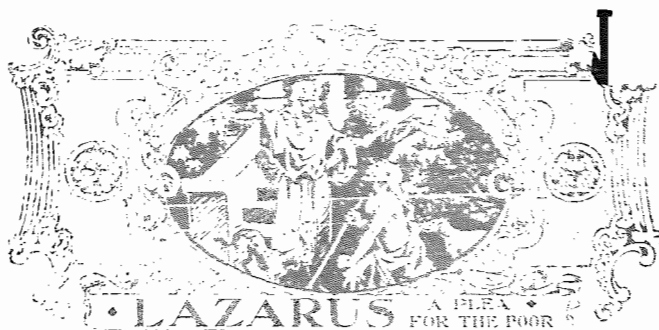
No!

There is burning in the hearts of our brave,
 red-guardsmen life-boat comrades, some of the
 same love as we know there was in the Shepherd
 who went out looking for the lost sheep.

It doesn't take many minutes for the "Catherine
 Booth" to get her sails up again, and off she went
 looking for the fourth. God bless her! She has
 a difficult job. The billows are washing over the
 brave little craft. Sometimes she seems to be
 buried in the deep waters. She is beating east-
 wards and westwards; seeking in all directions.

At seven o'clock the next morning some of
 the villagers are once more on the lookout. The
 weather is perhaps a little calmer, but it is dark,
 and nobody can see or hear anything but the
 snowdrifts and the howling storm.

At ten o'clock in the morning something more



Cad in imperial purple decked with gold,
 His linen vesture of the finest wool,
 The rich man sat in grandeur, stately, cold,
 For sympathy from him held far aloof—
 Not e'en his beauteous slaves sought his
 behoof.

The golden sun shone from the azure sky,
 The silken hangings with all hues did gleam,
 The marble gateway's whiteness did outvie
 And make the fisher's paler tawny seem—
 All all was splendour as a glorious dream.

Fullness of bread was his—he had great store,
 And sumptuously he every day did fare.
 A jewelled cup his butler to him bore,
 Filled to the brim with red wine, rich and
 rare—
 ..But for the hungry poor nought would he
 spare.

For at his gateway daily there was laid
 A beggar man, helpless with fever disease,
 Who strove in vain to win the rich man's aid,
 And sought with cramps his hunger to
 appease—
 While dogs his sores did lick to give him ease.

The beggar and the rich man passed away—
 For an instant die. The rich man went to hell.
 Not purple and fine linen made him Satan's prey,
 Nor yet because he knew the art of
 weal,
 And lived in marble hall and palace—

For gifts of God are riches rightly gained—
 But 'twas because in life he spurned the poor;
 From feeding him, Lazarus refrained,
 And gave no alms for his body sore—
 From Luke it seems 'twas this and nothing
 more.

To turn from need, and to oppress the poor,
 In Christ's dear sight, we hold, of sins are
 chief;

For not a name to open Heaven's door,
 Or save from hell such as the Dying Thief
 Did Jesus die, in agony and grief.

Christ also came that to this suffering sphere
 He might bring balm for every human woe,
 And teach that men to one another, here,

A Christly sympathy and love should show—
 We then a Heaven upon this earth should
 know.

To stay a pang, silence a groan;
 To wipe a tear, or cheer the desolate,
 More precious is to him upon the throne
 Than pilared pies and services ornate,
 Or taste and forms and doctrinal debate.

Yet true it is that in these days of grace
 The peace casts its shadow on the storm;
 And poor in crowded cellars take a pace
 To starve or sin in wealthy Christendom—
 For some a reck'ning day will surely come.

God's rich, God's poor—made by the same Great
 Hand—
 Redeemed by the same Saviour's precious
 blood!
 Shall one the other's pleading cries withstand,
 And not supply the needed warmth and food?
 Not all—some Rich unto the Poor are good.

Not to the rich alone Christ gave the Poor,
 For he who humble is yet hath supply,
 Shall to the famished give of his small store,
 As did the widow, when her death drew nigh,
 *Yet did not slight the hungry Prophet's cry.

To all who have in them the Christly mind,
 The heart to feel the willing hand to give;
 The Lord will furnish power to be kind,
 And let the wretched to more cheerful live—
 This is the Christian's best prerogative.

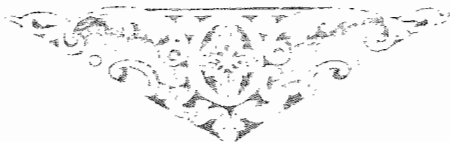
With Sweet Charity thou wouldst consent—
 Share what thou hast with those in greater
 need!
 Nor fear lest thou thyself shouldst want sup-
 port—
 The liberal soul shall never lack its need,
 For so the Psalmist says—to him give heed.

Therefore we ask you, reader, for Christ's sake,
 To help us help poor Lazarus of today,
 And from your portion of life's good things take
 Some "crumbs" for those borne down in life's
 a-tray—

And doing so thy Lord's commands obey.

—The Editor.

*See I. Kings xvii. 1-15.



like an iceberg than a boat is seen with reefed
 sails—and a little fishing-boat, which was towed
 after her.

Thank God! It is the "Catherine Booth" with
 the missing boat.

The lifeboat had been searching up and down
 on the sea, when at last it found the fishing-craft,

with the men, who had steered behind a rock in
 order to be protected against the heavy billows.
 Thus the "Catherine Booth" is fulfilling her
 glorious mission along the northern coast of Nor-
 way. We thank God for her, and we ask Him to
 be with and bless our brave comrades.

Harald Hjeltn-Larsen, Major.

The picture of The Salvation Army Bandman
 is one of a series of Salvation Army studies
 which promises to be of rich interest. The next
 of the series, which will appear in our Easter

Number, is that of a Salvation Songster, a very
 charming picture. Don't forget when you have
 read this "Cry," to send in your votes in con-
 nection with the story competition.



OUR STORY COMPETITION

A VISIT TO A SALOON.

I DON'T believe in making a practice of conducting open-air meetings in front of well-conducted hotels, but if there is a low sort of a saloon in the city, where disreputable men congregate, I like to stand outside that place and proclaim the salvation of God. One Saturday night, about four years ago, my wife and myself, with our little band of Soldiers stood outside a saloon of low repute in Montreal.

When the time came for taking up an offering my wife entered the saloon to tell the people about the meetings, and also to take what they had to give for the support of our work. In the saloon a dreadful quarrel was in progress. Two men full of rage were confronting each other; one was armed with a knife and the other with a revolver. My wife went between them, and one put a quarter in the plate so that she might get out of the way. She tried to make peace, but failed. Then she spoke to a man who was leaning against the bar with a glass of whiskey at his elbow. The words of the Salvationist had such an effect upon him that he straightway left the saloon without finishing his liquor, and came to our hall where, when the invitation was given, he came out to the Penitent-form and afterward rose up from his knees with this testimony on his lips: "God has had mercy upon me."

Next day I sent the Bandmaster to his house to bring him along to the meeting. Both the man and his wife came, and the woman got converted that morning. Then the family, two sons and two daughters, got saved, and all got enrolled as Soldiers. The father was afterwards appointed Colour-Sergeant to the Corps, a position he devotedly fills today. That night a drunken Irishman who was in that saloon also came to the meeting, got converted, and became a Blood and Fire Salvationist.

The Army only needs to go for the worst, and we shall get them today as surely as ever we did.

FROM BEHIND PRISON BARS.

THE writer of this story is still incarcerated in an Ontario Prison. She is Molly.

Molly was a girl seventeen years of age, with a comfortable home, a dear mother, and many other things for which she ought to have been grateful. But she had such a vicious temper and such an evil tongue that those who loved her most were constrained to believe that she was possessed of an evil spirit.

Her friends begged of her, and even tried to hire her to cut out swearing and lead a different life, but all was unavailing. Her mother warned her repeatedly of the evil influence that her conduct would have upon the younger members of the family, but Molly only acted more wickedly than before. The oath and curses she uttered were horrifying, and the slightest annoyance was sufficient to set her going. As she got older she became more wild, and stayed away from home longer and more frequently until it became forgotten, and for two years sin occupied almost every moment, and it seemed as though the more depraved she became the better she enjoyed herself. One of her special delights was to pull others down to her level and then exult over them.

But one day she awoke to the fact that she was about to become a mother; and it was then that the awfulness of the life that she was living was borne in upon her with crushing force. So dreadful did her existence seem that she felt she could not continue it, and she resolved to end all by death. She procured a packet of poison, and took a quantity. Molly, however, did not die, but for weeks she lay dangerously ill, and when consciousness returned found herself in her own little room at home with mother, so forgiving and kind, by her bedside.

Molly did not well again, but her heart was not changed, and before long she went back to her old pursuits, where she smoked and cursed and lied and stole as she had done before. One night,

\$10 FOR THE BEST STORY

THE following are the writers of the stories on these pages:—

Adjutant Coy. Captain Turner
Captain Beecroft. Staff-Captain Scar
Sister Mrs. Wagner. Sister Mrs. Cooper
" " Sister Mary Topping. " "

Send in a post card, and let us know which is the best story.

a few years later, while staggering home to her room, so greatly under the influence of liquor as to be almost helpless, she was arrested and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. For weeks she spent the greater part of her time in the dungeons, only trying to get out of punishment in order that she might attend the Army meetings held in the jail and make fun of the proceedings.

Once she attended a service to criticize and to make fun as usual, but the sincere and kindly words of the Salvationists touched her hardened heart and brought her to God weeping for mercy.

She who had come to laugh remained to pray, and now her days are bright and cheerful, even though she is behind the prison bars. She praises God continually, and says from the bottom of a broken and contrite heart: God, ever bless and prosper the patient, and persevering Salvation Army.

A CHASE FOR A WIFE-DESERTER

RETURNING home one afternoon from a visitation, a neighbour handed me a letter with the remark: "Say, Captain, can you do anything with this." Upon looking at the envelope I found it was addressed in a very vague manner having on it merely the name of the man to whom it was sent, followed by the name of the city (one of the largest in Canada). The man who passed it to me said: "That is my name, but it doesn't belong to me. It came by yesterday's mail."

The letter proved to be a very sad one, having been written by a deserted wife in the Old Land and in it she begged her husband to write to her, as she was nearly out of her mind with worry and the sickness of the children, etc. The tone of the letter was most pitiable, and I at once determined to do my best to find the man in question, so I wrote to the wife, telling her how her letter had got into my hands, and asking for any further particulars that she could give. Advertisements in all the city papers failed to bring any reply, but finally a letter came from the wife, full of gratitude, and giving me an address where he once had been.

Armed with this, I set out to look for the missing man. I— street (the address given)



"She took a quantity of poison."

was soon reached, and the number found. Alas, it was locked and barricaded and had recently not been lived in for a long time. The neighbours were bombed, only to find that they were French, a language I didn't happen to know. At last I discovered an English-speaking person, but found she was very deaf. A mutual acquaintance ensued, and finally I had to write the name on paper. She looked at it, shook her head, and then said: "There is another street at that name at the other end of the city." Off I went, and after a long journey, during which I one seemed able to enlighten me as to where this street was) I at length found it in a suburb, evidently newly opened. The number was again found, next door to nowhere, and also found to be half-built. I was turning away, wondering what I should do next, when I saw through the scaffolding a shade at one of the windows, and it dawned upon me that there was possibly some one in possession. A knock at the door brought a young man in answer. "Was a Mr. K. out living there?" "Was a Mr. K. out living there?" "No, he was with me for a few days last night, but I haven't seen him for months." Then I became very reserved. I at length elicited the fact that the man I wanted used to board with a Mrs. P., on M— street. "Did he know the number?" "No, he didn't, but it was about twenty minutes' walk from one end of the street." Then I learned that the missing one was a "British man, whose nose turned up a little at the end." Once more I sallied forth, and, after much inquiry, discovered the aforesaid Mrs. P., on M— street. "Did she know a Mr. K.?" "Yes, she did. He used to board with her." "Where was he now?" "She didn't know, but she thought he was working on a new school that was being built close to the church at St. H—." "Did she know where he was boarding?" "Yes, it was somewhere on G— avenue just above J— street. She didn't know the exact number, but thought it was somewhere between 20 and 40. Neither did she know the name of his landlady." Then, as I turned sadly away, an inspiration seized her and she added: "But I have heard that she is an old lady who raises Cain at the butcher's when she can't get what she wants. They may be able to help you."

Imagine me, Mr. Editor, if you can, entering the stores of all the butchers in the crowded street of a large city, asking for a lady whose only description was that "she raised Cain when she couldn't get what she wanted," and as that was what it finally came to; for on reaching the "school next to the church" to which I had been directed by the worthy Mrs. P., I found that it had been finished just a week hence, and all the men had been discharged. I wandered my way to G— avenue "just above J— street" to look for 20 to 40, and found many numbers, that all the numbers "above J— street" I got, for I began to get into the 20's. I was no hope for it. I would have to try the butchers, for 20 to 40 was nearly a mile off, and quite in another direction. The first I saw I applied myself to shake his head, and I commended the grocer. My blood was getting. I went for the grocer. He also shook his head. At length with aching feet, for they had become distended, I was passing once more down G— avenue, when suddenly, above one of the "No. 20" caught sight of the number 60, Eureka! I got it. The street had been freshly built. I carefully counted back till I got to what I had been 20 to 40 by the old numbers. "Yes," there was a butcher's store close by. I entered and once more gave that famous description. The butcher looked at his partner, shook his head, then cautiously remarked: "It might possibly be No. 99." Away I went, sure I was now hot on the trail, discovered the No. 99 would have been 48 had it not been altered, and knocked at the door. It opened. I had no need to ask any further. The lady who lived in "looked as if she was prepared to 'raise Cain'"

OUR PICTORIAL SECTION



TYPES OF SALVATION SOLDIERY. No. 1.—THE BANDSMAN.

Nearly 25,000 Army Bandsmen march on an average 100,000 miles each Sabbath Day playing in the slums where the poor dwell, and in the busy thoroughfares where pleasure-seekers congregate, the glorious songs of salvation sounding out hope and warning to all men.

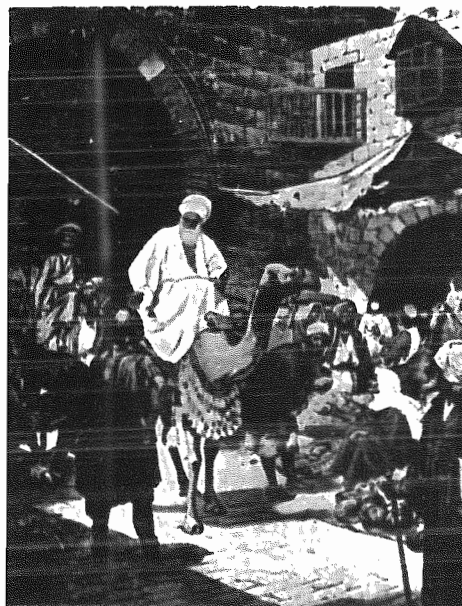
SCENES OF THE FIRST- CHRISTMAS.



"And Joseph went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, to the City of David, which is called Beth'lehem, because he was of the House and family of David." :: ::



"And there were shepherds in the same country abiding in the field, and keeping watch by night over their flock. And an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them."



"Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, behold wise men came from the East up to Jerusalem, saying, 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews?'" :: ::



"And when they came into the house and saw the young child with Mary his mother, and they fell down and worshipped him, and opening their treasures they offered unto him gold, and frankincense, and myrrh."



LEUT.-COLONEL LE BUTT.

MAJOR FREEMAN

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

COLONEL KITCHING.

THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF, with Colonel Kitching and Lieut.-Colonel Le Butt, his Secretaries, and Major Freeman, one of his Assistant Secretaries.



"RESTORED TO FRIENDS."

Out of the 863 Girls who left the A
shows such a restoration—and tells its



RIENDS."

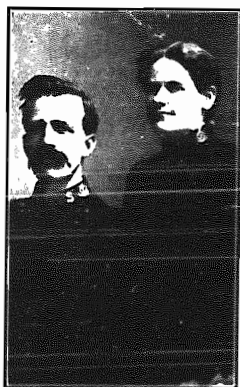
Out of the 863 Girls who left the Army's Homes last year 324 were restored to Friends. Our picture shows such a restoration—and tells its own pathetic story. It represents an actual incident :: :: ::

Drawn by Brigadier Bond

SOME LEADING CANADIAN STAFF OFFICERS.



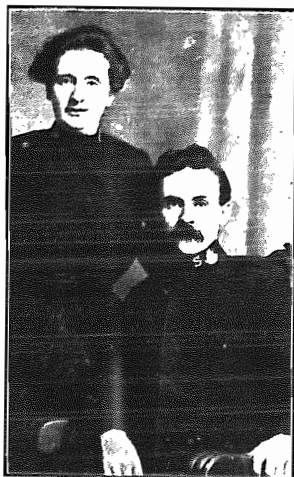
BRIGADIER and MRS. MOREHEN.



MAJOR and MRS. TAYLOR.



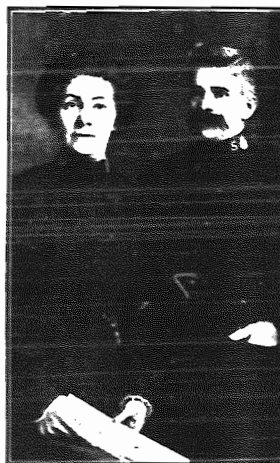
BRIGADIER and MRS. ADY.



MAJOR and MRS. ATTWELL.



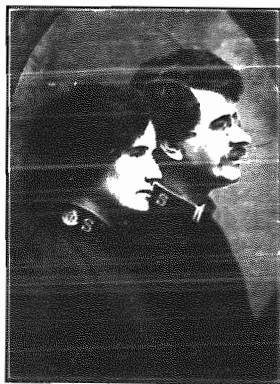
MAJOR and MRS. PHILLIPS.



MAJOR and MRS. TURPIN.



MAJOR and MRS. HAY.

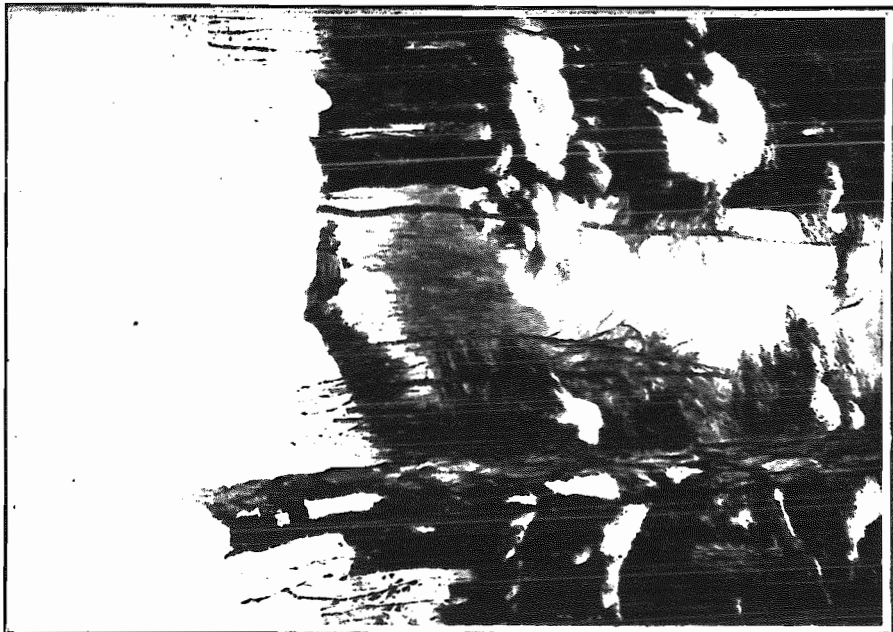


MAJOR and MRS. GREEN



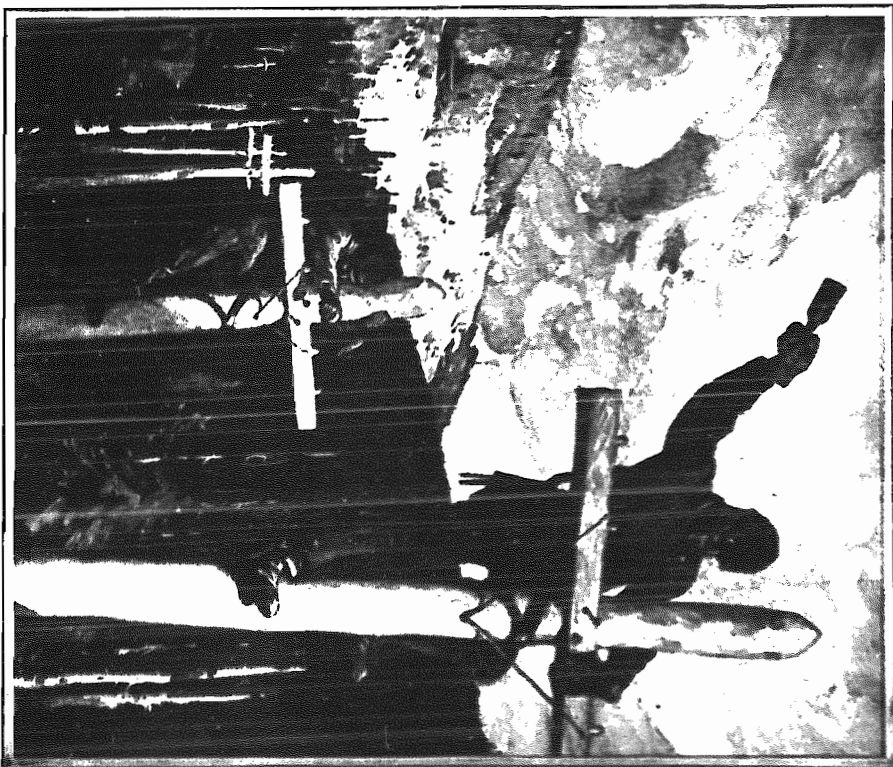
MAJOR and Mrs. McLEAN.

CIVILIZATION. TAMING THE WILDS OF CANADA.



THE LUMBER CAMP.

By permission of the Artist, F. H. Bridgen, O.S.A.



LINEMEN IN NEW ONTARIO.

By permission of the Artist, C. Jefferys, O.S.A. and R. F. Ogden, Secretary, O.S.A.

Emmie Goodchild and her Christmas Basket



1
LITTLE EMIE GOODCHILD
OUT OF HER CHRISTMAS
GIFTS GIVES 50 CENTS TO
THE ARMY CAPTAIN
FOR THE POOR. ~ ~

2
THE CAPTAIN
INVITES HER TO
TAKE A BASKET
TO THE POOREST
FAMILY SHE
KNOWS



3. SHE DOES SO.

4 WHEN SHE SEES THE INTERIOR OF THE
HOME AND THE POOR FAMILY SHE IS
GLAD SHE GAVE HER GIFT TO THE
POOR. ~ ~



5
THEY THANK
HER FOR THE
GIFT. ~ ~



6
"INASMUCH AS YE HAVE
DONE IT UNTO THE LEAST
OF THESE MY LITTLE ONES YE HAVE
DONE IT UNTO ME."

Christmas Thought

THIS is Christmas-tide. And what is Christmas?

Comes to us at once the picture of the shepherds abiding in the fields by night. We see them gathered about the fire, and high lights and deep shadows in the flickering orange glow. Formless masses in the outer gloom show where the sheep are resting. Beyond them circles the uncertain sky-line, broken by the faint shine of lights from David's town. Above, unapprehended, vaults a space so vast, so lacking in a thicker side, that the imagination flutters and sinks back to earth. It cannot fly so far.

It is very still. An old shepherd sighs; a boy yawns drowsily; an ember sinks in crumbling ash; a sheepbell tinkles; a lamb bleats dreamily; and then forgets its dream and sleeps again; and the night wind rustles in the grasses; it is very still.

Then on a sudden the shepherds wrinkle up their faces at the blinding light. An angel stands beside them, his silver feathers quivering with arrested flight. "Behold," he says, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," and tells them where and how to find the Babe, the world's Redeemer. And then the whole sky flushes with a rosy glow, and the air above that seemed so empty is all athrong with rank on rank of heavenly singers, chanting: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," tremble and counter, lower and bass weaving in and out in wonderful polyphony, till all too soon—oh, all too soon!—the parts are knit together in sevenfold Amen, and are hushed to its forever. The rosy glow fades out. All is dark again. There is only the fire-light flickering upon the traced figures of the shepherds, the dim, uncertain edges of the sky rim and the faint shine of Bethlehem Town, and overhead the vaulted space, whether the heavenly chatters have withdrawn, a space so vast, so far to go in, that the imagination flutters and sinks back to earth.

The shepherds harken if they can catch one faint faint anthem, but there are only the ember's crumbling fall, the dreamlike beating of a lamb, the night-wind's rustle, and the blood beating in their ears.

This is why Christmas is.

But what have shepherds to do with fire-rosses glittering with candles and soundings of glided fruits? What have angels choice to do with lofty bound in wreaths with blood-red ribbons, pale mistletoe, and holly that it gives? What has the Babe, the world's Redeemer, to do with a mysterious being that cannot hear that we shall look upon him, but comes at midnight, riding behind reindeer and showering gifts on every one? Nothing at all.

These things are Yule, not Christmas; the old faith, not the new. The old religion is like the men that made it; it is unremembered and unrememberable. It will never die and be forgot.

And ages before the star hung over where the Young Child lay, all of North Europe kept a feast on December 25th. This is no place to talk of the procession of the equinox, but the stubborn fixity of that date proves the high antiquity of the feast.

In almost every month of all the twelve, yond Christian men have celebrated the Nativity. Yule-tide never varied. Perhaps the missionaries hoped to smother out this heathen festival by crowding Christmas in upon it, but it would not do. It has learned to keep step with Christmas; it has been sweetened and softened by it, but it is Yule, not Christmas, to this day.

The men and women we could all trace back to if we had the records, men and women that knew well enough how to make the sign of Thor's hammer over what they ate and drank, before



The Yule-kill

There was a cross to make the sign of, used at the Yule in bringing flocks of fire into the house, to deck them with nuts and apples and lighted candles. A lot of sacred oak they dragged to the fireplace and burned there. The last sheaf of wheat, left unthreshed, they set up on the ridge-pole of the house, not that the hungry winter birds might feast as well as they, but for a wakened reason. The mistletoe they cut from trees, especially the oak and brought it home with slinkings. I pray you heed and you shall see why mistletoe never should hang in a Christian church.

The man that cut that last sheaf of the harvest, the "neck" as it was called, drank deeper and ate more than all the other reapers. He enjoyed life to the uttermost at the Yule-tide. His will was to be obeyed even to the greatest folly. Everything he asked for was his without a question. Everything, but nothing. Under the mistletoe might was forbidden him.

It grows trifle. Something terrible to tell of the Yule-tide and the wakened festivity. The man that cut the "neck"—it was no wish of his to cut it, but his fate. With the other harvesters he had cast his sickle at the last few stalks of standing grain. By ill chance, it was his blade that lopped them.

It is the custom nowadays to make a feat of things that in themselves and of old times were very far removed from laughter. We say: "He thinks he's it," meaning: "He has too flattering an opinion of himself." Originally it portended something too grave to have a name. A so-called slang phrase is: "He got it in the neck," which, if it were of modern coinage, were an expression perfectly senseless, but it is very, very old and hardly ominous. It is the cry that marked the Yule-tide victim, "He's gotten the neck." It is the last few stalks of standing grain the spirit of the harvest took her refuge. He that cut it, cut her throat. His friends made up to him as best they could the unutterable misfortune that had befallen him in being it; they made a king of him, as in other places other victims were made king and wore a purple robe. As this man had served the harvest spirit, so was he served.

In these days we call that mysterious being, on whom we must not look, by the name of Santa

Claus. Santa Claus is St. Nicholas, the Wonder-worker. As he grows older, I think he grows more gentle and forbearing with the children. We may say: "Now, Kenneth, unless you are a very much better little boy than you have been, O'd S my will not bring you anything. No drum, no express-wagon, not a single thing." But I take notice that naughty perverse Kenneth, who kicks and screams with temper, gets just as many pretty toys on Christmas Eve from the fat saint as Timothy, who never answers saucily and at ways does what he is told. Not so very many years ago bad children used to find lumps of coal in their stockings on Christmas morning. A century or so ago if we may trust old German prints, he used to whip the naughty boys; and still more anciently, he scourged the first-born son, be he well or ill behaved. This has a sinister appearance. It means that this mysterious midnight visitor is older far than Santa Claus, St. Nicholas, or any Christian saint. He is of Moench's age, brother to Saturn. I speak as discreetly but as meanly as possible when I say that he is older than the Passover, and not remote from Abraham.

I think that none of us can help a sigh and a cold chill as we think as what this means. Terrible as it seems to us, our kind folk long and long ago deemed it a solemn duty. Ghomy and tragic as it seems to us, it was to them the very path and heart of Yule-tide. It was done for the welcome reason that the holy and mistletoe were brought in, the tree hung with nuts and apples, and the Yule log lighted.

The reason was . . .

Suppose you had to let somebody know that you were very hungry, somebody that did not use your language, how would you do? You would make signs of eating, would you not?

And suppose that everything about you, plants, animals, rocks, rivers, clouds, sun, moon, stars, and all were living beings like yourself, but not knowing or not choosing to use your language, you would pantomime your wants to them as best you could. If the country needed rain, you would sprinkle water solemnly and with due process. If you forgot or left out no detail, sure the right words to the right time and all, it would rain. It couldn't help itself, if it didn't rain, then it was your fault; you had left out something of the pantomime act. Every morning while it was yet dark, somebody had to light a fire to give the sun his cue to rise. If no such fire were lighted—but it is idle speculating on the "consequences of what never happened." Evidently there has a way been some one in some place to light the fire for the sun has a way to rise regularly.

It seems ridiculous to us that human beings ever should have seriously believed that what they did could elude the ordered sequence of the universe, but all men have believed this, and tied knots in string to keep the sun from going down till they got home. Perhaps our most pretensions of oris will seem as comical to our children that shall come after us.

Even we, who talk of the heed of the sky (Men of the Muck race that we are), must notice that at this season of the year the sun hangs low in the south. It is nothing like so nearly overhead as in the mid-summer time when there is grass for cattle and wild game to feed on, when fruits and berries seem the trees and bushes, when nuts and seeds are ripening, when you can live a life of fed and free, and are not prisoners of the cold, kept on short and joyless rations. Day by day the sun sinks lower, then seems to falter. On this day, if the right things are done, he will begin to inch a little higher in the southern heavens until summer comes again. This day is Yule. That it is December 25th, and

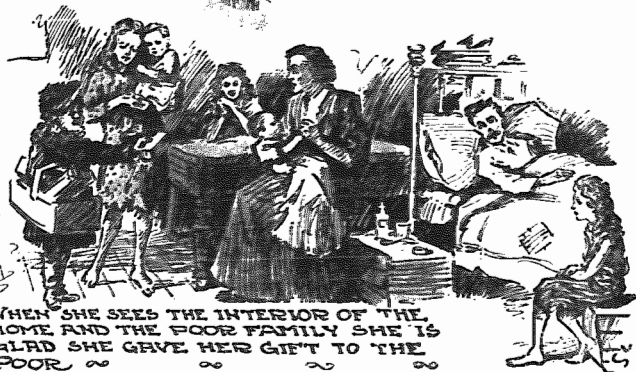
(Concluded on Page Twenty-Six)

Emmie Goodchild and her Christmas Basket



1
LITTLE EMIE GOODCHILD
OUT OF HER CHRISTMAS
GIFTS GIVES 50 CENTS TO
THE ARMY CAPTAIN
FOR THE POOR. ~ ~ ~

2
THE CAPTAIN
INVITES HER TO
TAKE A BASKET
TO THE POOREST
FAMILY SHE
KNOWS



3. SHE DOES SO.

4 WHEN SHE SEES THE INTERIOR OF THE
HOME AND THE POOR FAMILY SHE IS
GLAD SHE GAVE HER GIFT TO THE
POOR. ~ ~ ~



5
THEY THANK
HER FOR THE
GIFT. ~ ~ ~



6
"INASMUCH AS YE HAVE
DONE IT UNTO THE LEAST
OF THESE MY LITTLE ONES YE HAVE
DONE IT UNTO ME."

Christmas Thought

THIS is Christmas-tide. And what is Christmas?

Comes to us at once the picture of the shepherds abiding in the fields by night. We see them gathered about the fire, and high lights and deep shadows in the flickering orange glow. Farmhouse masses in the outer gloom show where the sheep are resting. Beyond them creeps the uncertain sky-line, broken by the faint shine of lights from David's town. Above, starsprinkled, vaults a space so vast, so lacking in a thither side, that the imagination flutters and sinks back to earth. it cannot fly so far.

It is very still. An old shepherd sighs; a boy yawns drowsily; an elder sinks in crumpling fat; a sheep-dog flicks; a lamb beats tremulously, and then forgets its dream and sleeps again; the night wind rustles in the grasses; it is very still.

Then on a sudden the shepherds wrinkle up their faces at the blinding light. An angel stands beside them, his silver feathers quivering with arrested flight. "Behold," he says, "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," and tells them where and how to find the Babe, the world's Redeemer. And then the whole sky flushes with a rosy glow, and the air above that seemed so empty is all thronged with rank on rank of heavenly singers, chanting: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men," treble and counter, tenor and bass weaving in and out in wonderful polyphony, till all too soon—oh, all too soon!—the parps are knit together in unevenful tones; and are hushed to us forever. The rosy glow fades out. All is dark again. There is only the fire-light flickering upon the framed figures of the shepherds, the dim, uncertain edges of the sky rim and the faint shine of Bethlehem Town, and overhead the vaulted space, whether the heavenly chariots have withdrawn, a space so vast, so far to go in, that the imagination flutters and sinks back to earth.

The shepherds harken if they can catch one faint faint outburst, but there are only the echoes' crumbling fall, the tremulous beating of a lamb, the night-wind's rustle, and the blood beating in their ears.

This is why Christmas is.

But what have shepherds to do with fire-trees glittering with random and semibornes of gilded trails? What have mice, choirs to do with bouzouks in wreaths with blood-red ribbons, palm-mistletoe, and because that it gives? What has the Babe, the world's Redeemer, to do with a mysterious being that cannot bear that we should look upon him, but comes at midnight, riding behind reindeer and showering gifts on every one? Nothing at all.

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The Annunciation

There was a Cross to make the sign of, used at the Yule to bring trees of fir into the house, to deck them with nuts and apples and lighted candles. A log of sacred oak they dragged to the fireplace and burned there. The last sheaf of wheat, left unthreshed, they set up on the ridge-pole of the house, not that the hungry winter birds might feast as well as they, but for a weather reason. The mistletoe they cut from trees, especially the oak and brought it home with singing. I pray you heed and you shall see why mistletoe never should hang in a Christian church.

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It grows tragic. Something terrible to tell jerked under this loud and helter-skelter festivity. The man that cut the "neck"—it was no wish of his to cut it, but his fate. With the other harvesters he had cast his sickle at the last few stalks of standing grain. By ill chance, it was his blade that lopped them.

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And suppose that everything about you, plants, animals, rocks, rivers, clouds, sun, moon, stars, and all were living beings like yourself, but not knowing or not choosing to use your language, you would (anticipate your wants to them as best you could. If the country needed rain, you would sprinkle water solemnly and with due process. If you forgot or left out no detail, sung the right words to the right tune and all, it would rain. It couldn't help itself. If it didn't rain, then it was your fault; you had left out something of the ceremonial act. Every morning while it was yet dark, somebody had to light a fire to give the sun his cue to rise. If no such fire were lighted—but it is to die speculating on the "consequences of what never happened." Evidently there has been some one in some place to light the fire, for the sun has a ways risen regularly.

It seems ridiculous to us that human beings ever should have seriously believed that what they did could change the ordered sequence of the universe, but all men have believed this, and tied knots in string to keep the sun from going down till they got home. Perhaps our most pretentious efforts will seem as comical to our children that shall come after us.

Even we, who tie the little beads of the sky (Men of the Middle Ages that we are), must notice that at this season of the year the sun hangs low in the south. It is nothing like so nearly overhead as in the mid summer time when there is grass for cattle and wild game to feed on, when fruits and berries come from the trees and bushes, when nuts and seeds are ripening, when you can live a life fulfilled and free, and are not prisoners of the cold, kept on short and joyless rations. Day by day the sun sinks lower, then seems to falter. On this day, if the right things are done, he will begin to inch a little higher in the southern heaven until summer comes again. This day is Yule. That it is December 25th, and

(Concluded on Page Twenty-Six)

The Puncher

A Chapter from Twice-Born Men

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.



WHAT strikes one most in the appearance of this short, broad-shouldered, red-haired, prize-fighter is the extreme refinement of his features. His face is pale, with that almost transparent palor of the red-haired; the expression is weary, heavy, and careworn; the features are small, delicate, and regular; one cannot believe that the light-coloured eyes have been hammered, and the small, almost skilish mouth rattled with blows; he might be a poet, the last role one would ascribe to him is that of the ring.

Of all the men in this little group of the "saved," he is the saddest, quietest, and most restrained. He is the least communicative, too; one has to get his history more from others than from himself. He speaks slowly, unwillingly, in a voice so low that one must stretch the ear to hear him; he regards one with the look of a saint that does not expect to be understood; one feels that he is carrying a burden; at times one is tempted to wonder whether he really does feel himself to be consciously right, superior, and happy.

I account for this sorrowfulness of manner, first, by the natural inextinguishable of a prize-fighter's temperament, and, secondly, by the profound depths of his spiritual nature, which keeps him dissatisfied with the results of his work for others.

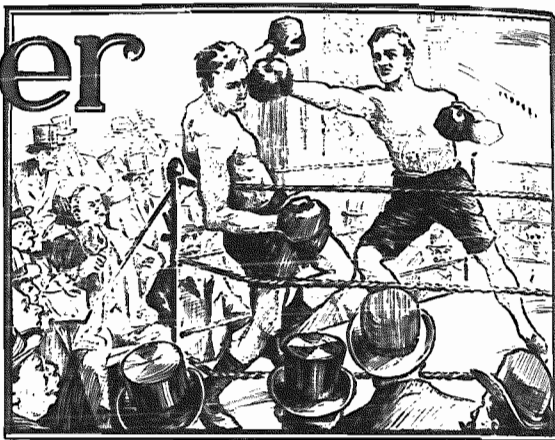
This man, whose fame as a prize-fighter still renders him a hero of the first magnitude among his neighbours, has been the means of saving some of the worst men in the place. Unpaid by The Salvation Army, and devoting every hour of his spare time to its work, the Puncher humbly to save by the score and by the hundred. I discovered in his nature a mothering and compassionate yearning for the souls of unhappy men, the souls of men extraneous themselves from God. One perceives that every man so conscious of a mission for saving, and so conscious of the appalling misery of London, must be quiet, and silent, and sorrowful.

He is the son of fairly respectable people who came gradually down and down, till their home was a loft in some mess paragonized by a mission for saving, and so conscious of the Puncher received his first schooling of ambition. There was in the yard, working among the cabs and horses, a young man pointed out by the denizens of that dirty place as a wonderful hero. He had fought someone in a great fight on Wormwood Scrubs, and had beaten him to bits.

"I remember distinctly, just as if it was yesterday," said the reflective Puncher, speaking in his low voice and looking sadly away from me; "I remember distinctly the feeling that used to come over me whenever I looked at that man. I don't remember life before that. It seemed to me that I only began to live then. And this was the feeling: I wanted to be like that man; I wanted to fight; I wanted people to point at me, and say: 'There's a fighting man!' I never thought I should be as big a man as the cock of one yard, I only wanted to be something like him, something as near to him as strength and pluck could carry me. But the day came." He added with a touch of pride, "when I stood up to that very man, a bit of a boy I was, too—and I smothered him. Yes, I smothered him. Ay, and afterwards many a man bigger than him; a lot bigger."

While he was a boy, still stirred by these

The Fight at the National Sporting Club.



heroic longings, he started out on a career of wildness and daring. He had all those virtues, headstrong, and daring qualities which in such a country as Canada or South Africa would have made him a useful member of society, but which in London drove him into crime. His first escapade was stealing a duck from Regent's Park, for which offence he made his appearance before a magistrate. Then one day he stole several bundles of cloth from a shop, sold them to the keeper of a marine store, and once more, this time with the store-keeper at his side, stood in the dock of a Police Court. The store-keeper went to prison, the boy was fined.

His animal spirits got him into trouble at school. There was no master able to influence his character. He was pronounced utterly unmanageable; his temper was said to be ungovernable; the authorities said that he endangered the lives of other boys by fuming at a cat about as if he wanted to kill someone. He was turned out of nearly every school in Marylebone.

He was still a boy when he stole a bottle of rum from a grocer's barrow, shared it with some of his mates, and made himself so hopelessly drunk that he fell into Hecent's Canal. At the age of seventeen he was put to work. Work it was thought, might tame his wild spirits. More over, it was necessary for him to earn bread. He became a porter at Smithfield Meat Market.

It was at this time that he began seriously to discipline his fighting qualities. He trained under a man whose middle-aged sportsman will remember the remarkable Nobby Thorpe. In a few months he was a hero and a man of substance.

He fought sixteen famous fights at Wormwood Scrubs, and won them all. Then came a challenge to meet Eyecott at the Horse and Groom Tavern in Long Acre. In these days certain of the public-houses patronized by sporting noblemen had covered yards at the back of their premises for the purpose of prize fights. It was in one of these places that the young porter from Smithfield Market met Eyecott, a rare champion. The fight went through fourteen rounds, and the Puncher was declared victor. Eyecott objected to this decision. The Puncher was tame, and they fought again. In three rounds he had won easily.

This victory meant not only money, but fame and the patronage of powerful men. The porter from Smithfield became the flash fighting man a terrible type of humanity. He swaggered with lords, and shook his fist in the face of the world. He met his trainer at the "Horse and Groom," and smothered him in eight rounds. Then came fights with Shields of Marylebone; Dorkie Barton, of Battersea; Tom Woolley, of Walsall, and Bill Baxter, of Sharncliffe. At some of these fights at the back of London taverns there were as many as sixteen Members of the House of Lords, in addition to many of the most famous men on the turf. When the National Sporting Club was organized, the Puncher was chosen to open it in a great fight, still remembered, was Station Albion. One of his most famous encounters was with Bill Bell of Hoxton; they fought with bare

knives, on Lord de Clifford's Estate in Devonshire. The record of the Puncher is that never was he beaten by his own weight.

In what state was he at this period of his life? Many times he entered the ring so drunk that the referees objected. He was one of those extraordinary men who can saturate their bodies with alcohol and perform in a condition of complete drunkenness physical feats requiring the coolest brain and the dearest cunning. It was it very obnoxious of his body to break down under this terrible strain which ultimately purged him into ruin.

With his pockets full of money he married a laundress, took a comfortable house, kept servants, a carriage, and a pair of horses, went to race meetings, associated as a hero with the rich and powerful, and lived a life of racket and debauchery.

His body held out. He was perfectly strong perfectly fit. The truth is his whole system was sinking with the joy of success. His brain was on fire. He felt himself capable of enormous things. He was drunk nearly every day of his life. Nothing mattered.

When he began to feel the days of his fighting drawing to a close, he looked about him for other means of earning money quickly and easily. He had not far to look. He started a racing business.

His name so famous to the sporting world was advertised as "A guarantee of good faith." Under the cloak of this name he tracked and cheated in a hundred cunning and disgraceful ways. He became the member of a gang. A tip was given, and with an air of mystery was worked for all it was worth by the tips and the proprietors: the horse tipped was a certain loser. The men who gave the tip profited by the sager made confidentially by their friends—the patrons. The game did well, and prospered. To the Puncher's guarantee of good faith sold many a sportsman what is called a "pup."

But suddenly some of these schemes, advancing in business, attracted the attention of a police. The Puncher lost at a stroke his fame, his popularity, his good name. He was declared a low backslider, and fell from wealth to poverty. His wife and her relations, who had sunk all these values in his wealth, became scornful and unattractive. The Puncher felt this treatment, and it made him worse. Again and again he went to prison; each time he came out it was to find his wife and children sinking deeper into poverty, and showing him a colder and deadlier hatred. The old story of an establishment of horses had quite departed. His experience of "Dives" splendour was short-lived. Destiny poured for him a harder experience in the role of a star.

In one single year, from October 1891, to October 1895, he was seventeen times convicted, chiefly for drunkenness. His wife now left him for the third time, determined that she should be the last. She had done with the wretch. He was alone in poverty with his madmen, an irrefragable passion for drink.

He told me something of the way in which he obtained drink during this destitute period of

his life. He used to intimidate those of his old racing companions whom it was perfectly safe to blackmail; he would waylay the rich and powerful, and what is called "pitch a tale," when absolutely penniless and mad for drink, he would march into any crowded public house where he was known, and demand it. He was never refused.

These fighting men, when they come down to poverty, however weak and broken they may be, can live in a certain fashion on the terror of their past strength. They do not endure; they demand. There are plenty of publicans who themselves give drink to these terrible men—making them first promise that they will go away—in order to prevent a disturbance, possibly a fight.

The Puncher lived in this way. Food had no attraction for him; indeed, he had a feeling of repulsion for anything in the nature of solid nourishment; everything was in drink. He was a hazy mass of alcoholic energy. The state into which he had sunk could only be understood by a medical man. His body was supported by alcohol and nothing else. Try and imagine the condition of his brain.

He lived now in the common lodging houses, of which I have written—lodging houses occupied by the lowest, most desperate, and infinitely the most loathsome creatures on the face of the earth. He found no horror in these places. He was their king. No one dared to interfere with him. He was more terrible in his rage and madness than in the days of his splendour. Murder came in his eyes; it was a word often on his lips. If he hit a man, that man felt like a stone. The Puncher, fed by alcohol, was something that spread terror through the district. As a prize-fighter he had been an object of awe; now he was an object of fear. Then he had been a man; now he was a devil.

His brain was active and cunning in one direction—the obtaining of money for drink. He devised a hundred ways for raising the wind. This outcast in his rage was not an ordinary cackling hen; he was a man who had known wealth and comfort; a cat or two of four's could not satisfy the fiery longings of his body. He wanted drink always and forever. He wanted to sit at his ease, and call for drink after drink till he slept satisfied for a little; then to wake and find more drink waiting for him.

One of his tricks brought him into collision with his wife's family. He managed to obtain a few pawn-tickets for forfeited jewellery, which was to be sold by auction. Many of the publicans in low houses deal in these tickets. The Puncher brought his of a young relative of his wife's, who had a good situation in an office. Thither he went, and showed his tickets.

He asked for a loan of seven shillings and sixpence on one of these tickets. He said that he knew a good thing for himself on the following day; meant to walk there that night and back the horse. If he found that his information still held good.

The money was given. It was a great sum to him in those days, but no sooner was he out of the office than it made him by its meanness. He contrasted his miserable present with his glorious past. He cursed fate, he cursed himself. What a fool he had been to ask so little! He would go back and get more.

But first he must drink. When the silver had gone, he went back and got more.

He was what is called "drunk to the world" when this relation of his wife—who believed him at first—came upon him unexpectedly.

The news reached his wife and children that he had begun to prey upon decent members of the family. The news of what his wife was saying of him reached the Puncher. It sank deeply into the mud.

One day the Puncher's eldest son caught him out in his low haunts. The prize-fighter loved the low above everything on earth except drink. He looked up and saw his son standing before him in the uniform of "The Salvation Army."

"What God's foolery is this?" he demanded, and laughed.

The boy pleaded with his father. He spoke of nothing back from misery to comfort of a return from wretchedness and destitution to happiness and home-love. With all the earnestness he could command, with all the anxiety of a son to

save his father, the lad pleaded with the Puncher.

The Puncher laughed. He had one form of expression for an answer. In his rage, shame, and frightful beastliness, he looked proudly at his son and exclaimed: "Me—a Salvationist!" The contempt was complete.

That phrase haunted him and delighted him, long after the son had retired discontented: "Me—a Salvationist!" He kept on repeating, and every time he laughed with a rich delight. It was the first joke he had enjoyed for a year.

He got profoundly drunk, out of sheer rage, and was in trouble with the police. That night he slept in a cell at the police court.

The next day was Sunday.

He was in his cell, tortured by thirst, mad with the rage of a caged beast, cursing God for this long Sunday of solitude and imprisonment when suddenly he heard the noise of a band through the little grating at the top of his cell.

He considered, and knew it to be the band of The Salvation Army.

He thought of his son. As he sat there, dwelling on all memories evoked by the thought of his boy, he compared his wretchedness and despair with the lad's brightness and goodness, and suddenly he came into tears, vowed that he would at least make an effort to live a decent life.

He spent that Sunday striving to prepare himself for the great struggle. He endeavoured to see clearly what it would mean. The temptation to drink, he knew well, would continually assail him. The drastic steady work, which had always characterized him would take long to overcome. It would be a hard fight, the hardest he ever put up, but it was worth it. Instead of the lodging house, a home; instead of the lowest and pitifully, the love of wife and children; instead of the prison, security and peace! Surely, this was worth a big fight.

On the following morning he stood in the dock. There were plenty of officials to tell the magnitude of the past record of this prisoner. Unfortunately there was no one to tell him what thoughts had been working in his brain all that long Sunday in the terrible solitude of the cell. The sentence was a month's hard labour. No do many people's ears read the case. In the newspaper said that the punishment was inadequate, and called the Puncher hard names. One can only judge men by written statements; the admission of anything else is impossible. The Puncher deserved his month.

What did the month's imprisonment do for him in his new state of mind? It had a curious effect upon him. It roused him into a new form of mental energy. Braced, vigorous, and restored to something of his old glowing joy in his strength, he looked with an equal feeling on his life of horror and on his intention to reform it.

His soul was filled with a vague consciousness of some unattainable superiority which he had missed by his past life, and which he would have even further degraded by his notion of a reformation. Only in the deplorable condition to which drink had reduced him, could he have entertained the base notion of creeping back to his wife with a plea for pity and forgiveness. He revolted from himself. How low must he have fallen to contemplate the cowardice of repentance! God in Heaven, to what further depths of infamous disgust might he descend. If it were possible for him a few hours ago to think of religion!

He was conscious of some unattainable superiority. He felt himself infinitely above his degradation, and infinitely above his place now in the red jersey. He was conscious of a great manhood of powers capable of inexhaustible achievement of some immense superiority not beyond his reach, and of which the word—God curse it!—had cheated him.

No, not unattainable. It flashed upon him that it was attainable. He could attain it by death.

This man, whose wife and refined few told of a profound spiritual warfare, felt himself now to the fullness of its stature in the realization that death would save him from himself.

When he left the prison his mind was made up.

He would murder his wife, and end his life by diving lamely on the scaffold.

This intention was perfectly clear and definite in his mind. It was a fixed idea. So powerful

was it, of such extraordinary power, that it utterly destroyed his mania for drink. Physicians, interested to observe how a religious idea will suddenly uproot a long-established habit, will be equally interested to find how an idea of hate destroyed the appetite for alcohol in the body of a man literally saturated with the poison. The established madness was exercised by a single idea forced in the mind during a period of enforced deprivation. One devil went out, and another entered.

The Puncher went straight from the prison to some of his old sporting acquaintances. He borrowed a sovereign. He drank with his friends till he was drunk, because they pressed him, but he did not break the sovereign for drink. With this money he purchased a butcher's knife and a hammer of food. He concealed the knife on his person, and carried the provisions to his wife.

The woman, who had suffered terribly at his hands, but who had never before received his advances chillingly. He proposed a reconciliation, presenting the food as his penitence. Then he suggested a visit to the West-moast. Apparent out of fear of his fists, she accepted his proposal. She accepted the proposal of a man who had murdered in his heart, the means of murder on his person, and a man who was drunk.

The Puncher's hatred for his wife was deep-seated. Her personality faced upon him at every point. On her, too, centred the accumulated animosity he felt for her relations, who had done so much, he considered, to break up his home. To murder her did not in the least damage his mind; the contemplation of the act did not horrify nor strike him as horrible; rather it seemed to him in the nature of achievement, delighted justice, getting even with all his multitudinous enemies at one stroke.

They went out from the house. As they passed down the street, a door opened, and a Salvationist, who knew the Puncher and knew his son, came out and joined them. He asked if husband and wife were coming to the meeting. The Puncher said No. The Salvationist, himself a converted drunkard and wife-beater, turned and looked the prize-fighter in the face. He told him simply and straightforwardly, looking at him as they went down the street, that he could never be happy until his soul was at peace. He said this with emphatic meaning. Then he said: "God has got a better life for you, and you know it." The Puncher struck across the road and entered a public-house. His wife waited at the door for her murderer.

He says that wife he stood drinkin' in the bar, feelin' no other emotion than annoyance at the Salvationist's interference, suddenly he saw a vision. The nature of this vision was not exact. In a flash he saw that his wife was murdered, just as he had planned and desired; that he had died same on the scaffold, just as he had determined; the thing was done; vengeance wreaked, atonement attained—he had died same; he was dead and the world was done with. All this in a flash of consciousness and with it the devastating knowledge that he was still not at rest. Somewhere in the universe, disembodied and agonizingly alone, his soul was unhappy. He knew that he was dead; he knew that the world was done with; but he was conscious, he was unhappy. This was the vision. With it he saw the world tottering at his son, and saying: "That's your young man, whose father was hanged for murdering his mother."

A wave of shame swept over him; he came out of his vision with this sense of horror and shame, drenching his thought. For the first time in all his life he was stunned by realization of his degradation and infamy. He knew himself.

How the vision came may be easily explained by a subconscious suggestion. He had long meditated the crime of murdering his wife, he had long fantasied upon the glory of dying same; an explosion of nervous energy suggested him, even as it presented Marcellus with anticipatory realizations of his thought. In other words we know about the mechanism of the vision; but the question at the heart of it? How did shame come to this man utterly hardened and depraved? And what, in the language of psychology, is shame? How does grey matter become ashamed of itself? How do the wires of the brain become aware of the feelings of the soul? Moreover, there is due to be accounted for the immediate effect of the vision.

That effect was "conversion," in other words, a recreation of the man's entire and several



EDITORIAL CHAT

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS.

GAIN it is our privilege to extend to the readers of

The War Cry the good wishes of this festive season. Although at the time we write Christmas Day is a week or two distant, yet there is every evidence that, so far as temporal prosperity is concerned, this will be

a happy Christmas, and that in the vast majority of Canadian homes there will be wood for the stove and a turkey for the table. God is very good to us as a nation; let us all strive to serve Him loyally and lovingly as individuals. One service that we can render God is to remember those who by adversity, or even by their own follies are in poverty and distress this Christmas Day. Let us each give of our store, so that they may be warmed and fed, and thus led to adore the name of Jesus, whose blessed influence creates generosity, and peace and good-will toward men.

The Salvation Army throughout the world will dispense over a million Christmas dinners during Christmas-tide, besides thousands of new garments, tons of coal, and large quantities of toys and things that delight the hearts of children. The surest way to make your own Christmas a happy one is to try to make it happy for others.

GOLD AND FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH.

HE smoke of the censor, so fragrantly smelling,

Not higher doth rise than the dome richly dight;

Sing I of an Incense that's wafted to Heaven,

Where Jesus doth reign, and his Saints are in white.

"The MYRRH of good deeds that are done to the helpless
Such as dwell in the mine—this world's Noxarth;
Of pains that are 'banged, and miseries lightened;
Hearts filled with rejoicing once weighted with death

The vessels of GOLD to God's Altar presented,
Are not offering so meet as the poor person's mite,
That in God's name is given to shelter the homeless
From the Chills and the Tempests that stink in the night

God's Temple to Man—He fitly hath framed us,
Then lavish not treasure on buildings of stone;
But that Temple restore, by the Devil defaced,
And in His own Building the Master enthroned.

To tell of God's mercy is FRANKINCENSE holy—
A sweet anointed savour, as roses at morn.
To save a poor sinner in God's sight is more worthy
Than with paintings and marbles stone walls to adorn.

As man is God's Temple let's serve Man with gladness,
Come, bring forth your gold, your myrrh—all your worth.
Like the Wise Men of Saba, give God treasure and worship,
Make His Living Temple the fairest on earth.

—J. B.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

I hope that our readers will be pleased with the results that have attended our efforts to make The War Cry Christmas Number worthy of The Army and the season. We incline to the opinion that in art, literature, and printing, it evinces progress. This is satisfactory, because, with few exceptions, it is the production of men who are not only Salvationists, but who have been trained by The Salvation Army for the production of its journals. It is the boast of Salvationists that "there is a place in The Army for all," and certainly there are very few talents we wot of that The Army cannot usefully employ for the extension of the Kingdom of God. We commend to the attention of all our young readers the picture that is printed on page two, and we hope that the same determination will be encountered in their hearts as they reflect on Christmas and what it means as is represented in the case of the young woman in the picture referred to. It may be of interest to our readers to know that the comrade who posed for the picture was, as a matter of fact, led to consecrate herself to the service of God in very much the same manner as she is depicted. A young music teacher, gifted and cultured, she is now a Captain in

a Corps gloriously happy in the service of God and successful in leading men and women to God and righteousness.

A GREAT ADMINISTRATOR.

HERE are two or three articles in this issue to which we should like to call attention. One is that by The General, and it is a most inspiring article to Salvationists. Another is that study of the Chief of the Staff from an administrative point of view, by Colonel Kitching, who has special facilities for making this study. Naturally enough, the Colonel—as all Salvationists would do who wrote on the Chief—writes with a pen dipped deep in affection. We should like to say, however, that no Salvationist writer, to our knowledge, has ever written such laudatory phrases concerning the Chief of the Staff as have "hard-headed, analytic," and responsible publicists—writers who penned their words with the consciousness that multitudes would form their opinion by the views they expressed. Such have styled Mr. Bramwell Booth "the greatest executive officer since Moses," and "the world's greatest Commandant." Less rhetorical, perhaps, but equally convincing is the statement of that well-known writer, Mr. Arnold White, who writes thus in his notable book, "The Great Idea":

"I claim for The Salvation Army not only purity and efficiency of financial methods but adroit adaptation of small means to great ends by dint of administrative skill of a high order. If it were only possible for Mr. Bramwell Booth to abandon the Great Idea and to join Party politics, I am convinced that as Secretary of State for War he would be better worth \$25,000 a year, and a first-class pension after four years' service, than the majority of his predecessors."

A PSYCHOLOGIST ON CONVERSION.

THE third item of our contents to which we direct special attention is the story entitled "The Punisher." Mr. Harold Bebbie, from whose remarkable book we have taken that story, is a deep thinker and a brilliant stylist, and we are inclined to think that the stories of Salvation Army converts forming the book are the most extraordinary collection of life stories published in recent years. But fascinating as the stories are, we must confess that Mr. Bebbie's preface to his book interested us still more. For the benefit of those who are unable to procure the book, we take some extracts on conversion from this preface. Now, we are not personally acquainted with Mr. Harold Bebbie, we are in utter ignorance as to his religious views; in fact, we strongly suspect that he is more scientific than Salvationist; and more given to the study of case-studies than to open-air preaching. Nevertheless, no Salvationist could be more outspoken or definite in his assertions as to the reality of conversion than this writer. We Salvationists see too many of the miracles of transforming grace to be in doubt as to the nature of the new birth into righteousness. Still, we may find some encouragement in finding that there are others who think as we do.

"The purpose of this book, which I venture to describe as a footnote in narrative to Professor James' work, is to bring home to men's minds this fact concerning conversion, that whatever it may be, conversion is the only means by which a radically bad person can be changed into a radically good person.

"Whatever we may think of the phenomenon itself, the fact remains clear and unmovable, that by this thing called conversion, men consciously wrong, inferior and unhappy, become consciously right, superior, and happy. It produces not a change, but a revolution in character. It does not alter, it creates a new personality. The phrase 'a new birth' is not a rhetorical hyperbole but a fact of the physical kindred. Men who have been irretrievably bad, and whose conversion have become ardent saviors of the lost soul, as with all the pathetic emphasis of their inexpressible and impenetrable discovery, that in the change which overcame them they were conscious of being born again. To them and we can go to no other authorities, this tremendous revolution in personality signifies a new birth. It transforms General into Cordelia, Captain into Ariel, and Tarsus into Paul the Apostle."

"There is no medicine, no Act of Parliament, no moral treatise, and no invention of philanthropy which can transform a man radically bad into a man radically good. If the State, burdened and shackled by its loads of ostentatious and sinners, would march quickly and efficiently to its goal, it must be at religion that relief is sought. Only religion performs the miracle which will convert the burden into assistance. There is nothing else; there can be nothing else. Science despairs of these people, and pronounces them 'hopeless' and 'incurable.'"

What is The Salvation Army?

THE GREAT WITNESS OF MODERN TIMES TO THE POWER OF TRUTH.



THE SALVATION ARMY is the great witness of modern times to the power of the Truth. Without wealth, or reputation, or influence of human aid; in spite of hatred, obloquy, ignorance and persecution, it has won a worthy place in the history of God's dealings with the world, and now commands the attention and esteem of all good men.

This world-wide agency has been raised up from the ranks of the poor by the labour of the poor for the salvation of the poor; and it has been done through the power of God and by the proclaiming of Jesus Christ as His Son and the Saviour of the world. Through the advent of Christ's Presence and Ministry a desire has been created—a desire

which at this festive season is intensified in the hearts of all His followers—to bring on earth peace and goodwill toward all men.

The Salvation Army Officer seeks, not only at Christmastide, but during the whole of the year, to accomplish this by giving her or his life to this end, and earnestly desires the co-operation of those whom God has blessed with this world's goods to bring this about by assisting with their substance.

Encouraging as are the records, during the past year, of battles fought and mighty victories won through the power of the Cross, many of these achievements could have been doubled if only we could have increased the number of those who are prepared to give us a share of their substance for the extension of God's Kingdom.

The year 1911 bids fair to mark some tremendous advances in S.A. Warfare throughout the Dominion. In keeping pace with these advances \$250,000.00 could be well spent on the following departments of work:—

The Spiritual Work
 „ Rescue „
 „ Maternity „
 „ Hospital „
 „ Prison Gate „
 „ Children's „
 „ Men's Social „

The Sick Officers' Fund
 „ Officers' Pension „
 „ Poor Corps' „
 „ Training of Officers „
 „ General Extension Work „
 „ Home Missionary Fields „
 „ Foreign „ „

Homes for Drunkards, etc., etc.

One of the ways by which you may be able to permanently assist this Work would be to endow one or more of the Institutions carrying on the work as represented above. Should you feel disposed to consider such an endowment, full particulars can be obtained from Commissioner Coombs, Territorial Headquarters, James and Albert Streets, Toronto.

REMEMBER THE ARMY IN YOUR WILL.

A number of ladies and gentlemen have under consideration the altering of their Will in order that The Salvation Army may become one of the Beneficiaries in case of death. Why not be included in the number?—especially if you feel you are not able to contribute forthwith.

The following is a short and good form of will:—

I _____ of _____
(Here give full name.) (Place of Residence.)

make this my last will: I give, devise and bequeath (here state whether cash or property, and if the latter, give full particulars concerning such property) to The Salvation Army in the Dominion of Canada, and I will and direct that such be paid over or transferred to The Salvation Army in the Dominion of Canada.

I appoint (give name) of (give residence) executor of my will.

Signed and acknowledged this (date) day of (month), A.D. 19 ____.

Signed by the above-named _____ as his last will in the presence of us, both being present at the same time, who in his presence and in the presence of each other, and at his or her request, have thereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

